

# The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1858.

NUMBER 40.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.  
OFFICE IN COBB'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

COBB & MEAD,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
JAMES COBB, EDITOR. REBECCAH MEAD, EDITOR.

TERMS.  
The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid *strictly in advance*.  
If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.  
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.  
All communications must be post-paid.  
B. P. LAMEN is agent for this paper in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING  
Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.  
N. HARRIS M. D.,  
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.  
Teeth filled with Crystallized Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the little Park.

H. KINGSLEY,  
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.  
Rooms in Brewster's Block, Main St., one door North of the Post Office. Teeth filled as usual. All operations upon the Teeth will be performed in accordance with the latest improvement in the Art and warranted.

DR. JENNINGS  
Would take this method to inform the public, that he has concluded to make his place his residence, and would have express his gratitude to his numerous patrons in this, as well as the surrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their patronage.

DR. JENNINGS, would inform his patrons that he has again taken rooms at the Addison House, where he will give his undivided attention to all who give him a call.  
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1857.

WILLIAM B. RUSSELL,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Middlebury, Vt.  
Special attention given to treatment of diseases of the throat, and consumption by inhalation. Office at the residence of Dr. W. B. Russell, second house north of the Post Office.

CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Having resigned his position in the Eastern Medical College, and after having completed his education at Middlebury College, Vt., he has returned to his native place, and is now residing at the Addison House, where he will give his undivided attention to all who give him a call.  
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1857.

JOHN W. STEWART,  
Middlebury, Vermont,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
AND SOLICITOR IN CHIEF.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,  
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.  
Office in the Engine Building.  
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1857.

A. H. COPELAND,  
DEALER IN  
Books, Stationery, Magazines,  
NEWSPAPERS, AND CHURCH PUBLICATIONS.  
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,  
DEALER IN  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,  
AND FANCY ARTICLES.  
Near the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.  
All work done in a neat and durable manner.  
[?] At low rates.

J. C. O. REDINGTON,  
TEACHER OF VOICE AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.  
Agent for all kinds of music merchandise.  
Orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction warranted.  
Middlebury, Jan. 1, 1858.

GEORGE M. BROWN,  
TAILOR.  
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.  
Cutting done to suit customers.  
W. B. Russell—a good job.  
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1857.

MIDDLEBURY  
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE  
AND  
IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT,  
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE,  
CUTLERY, JEWELRY, &c.  
Middlebury, Vermont.

Elegant Illustrated National Works.  
The WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS—selected and chronologically arranged from Ben Jonson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 47 fortnightly parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly parts 50 cents.

MORSE'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD,  
containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To be completed by 22 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURIER, BY Rufus W. Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-monthly parts, Nov. 25, 1857.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEA OF BIOGRAPHY: Embracing a series of original memoirs of the most distinguished persons of all times. Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel plates. To be published in 47 fortnightly parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly parts 50 cents.

DANDY, A Tale of the French Revolution, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price \$1.75. Portraits of Fremont, size 25x31. Price 25cts. plain and colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain \$1.00, colored \$1.50.

Persons desiring to subscribe for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.

Advertisements wanted.

F. S. MARTIN  
Williamstown, Vt.

## POETRY.

For the Register.

### To the Lady I Love.

By R. E. KATE.

Lady I love,  
Thou art alive  
All other earthly treasure  
Thy love is more  
Thou art alive—  
Thy smile my only pleasure

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive  
Thou art alive

ly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to take the money for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank, to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found; Annie and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did; he laughed and showed me the note, with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intended to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied Wallace firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is that Chandler who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come home at night?"

"Always at ten o'clock. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of that kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He had a night key."

"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace. "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professing himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him, with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve."

"Twelve?" said Anne, "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked. "How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"

"The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne. 'On arriving at the door,' he replied, 'I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happened along, and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way.'

"Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demand against you," &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir what have you against me?" he asked rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he, short as pie-crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply. The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer to a criminal charge."

"What do you mean sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the money, I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it of course when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on Tuesday, February 20, 10 o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," said he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay, or go to jail?"

He saw the evidence I had was strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars;

and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

## Lines Suggested at My Mother's Grave.

By G. D. PRENTICE.

The tender dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest  
The stars shine gloriously; and all  
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild  
Waves o'er thy head; when will it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow—  
Dear Mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;  
To leave untasted life's dark bitter stream,  
By thee, as first in childhood, I  
And share thy dream.

And I must linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my stainless years,  
And mourn the hope to childhood dear,  
With bitter tears.

Ay, must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,  
Whose last frail leaf last autumn's breeze  
Went down with thee?

Oh from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,  
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night wind wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—the look is imagined there;  
I listen, and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

O come, while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave; and in these mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless your weeping child;  
And e'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine,  
O, give his spirit undelivered,  
To bleed with thine.

## The Bride of an Evening.

By EDNA D. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Astrologer's Prediction.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain range, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Audery, a Virginia lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an